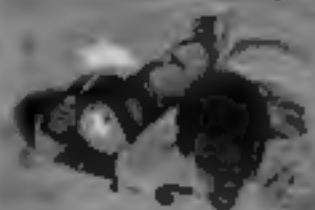


SKATE EAT

BULL
SHIT
ISSUE



PUNK
ROCK
GIRLS!



MAIL-GRAB

WILD HAIRS

Mail Grab



Dear Skate Pate,
I have seen the new
July issue of your mag.
I hope you may find a
story to cover backstage and
what ever happened to
Gonzalez. Please do more of
him and pals.

Thanks,
Pat Willikin
Scottsdale, Arizona
P.S. More Leers.

Gerry,
Here is a stamp. Could
you send me the final issue
of Skate Pate? My address
is:

Robert Irish
Va. Beach, Va.

P.S. It's too bad that
Skate Pate is no more
because it was a great mag.

Please send "Skate Pate"
I'm here is a 20¢ U.S.
Postal Service stamp.

John Baker
Carmichael, Ca.

Garry Scott Davis,
What's up. I just got
back from L.A. (the barber
shop, got my hair cut. We
are going to get a keg and
go to some girl's house in
San Diego, lots of bottles.

Tomorrow T.S.G. I. is
playing in Santa Cruz. I
haven't any more white
hair left, it's all brown.
Aug. 17 '85 Grove is
playing downtown, you
should come up and then

will go to Del Mar after
it's time to be a big pig
& lots of girls.

The Core
San Jose, Ca.

Please send TWS stickers!
S.S.G. will see ya at Capitola!
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Corey is now
growing up.)

Hey Gerry,

I think your latest issue
of Skate Pate is pretty good.
(July) I like your small
talk interviews, especially
the one with Lin Lynn-he's a
cool skater. The main reason
I sent you this letter is to
tell you I don't live in
Provo Utah 84060 - anymore. I
got to leave Provo canyon
before school - and move back
to California to Palo Alto.
Could you please send me any
new issues of SKATE PATE to
my new address and not send
them to "Horned Lane" Utah,
here's the address:

Bob Espere
Palo Alto, Ca.

Also, I'm sending you a
donation of \$1.00 from my
last \$5.25 I have left for
the week. I'm a poor skater.
Well, this money is to help
you send me more SKATE PATE
issues in the future. You
tell you the truth, I like
reading your mag better than
anything like Thrasher.
Thrasher mag is too biased
toward too many things.

Dear Sir:

enclosed you will find
stamps for the mailing of
your magazine to my son,
Donny Griffin. Donny is
twelve years old and skates
at home in Jacksonville,
Florida.

I got your address from
Trend World magazine and I
look forward to seeing your
magazine as much as he does.

Sincerely,
Ginger Griffin
Jacksonville, Florida



EDITOR-Gerry S. D.
WRITING-Nell Blunder, JD
ARTISTS-NB, OD
PHOTOS-Grant Brittain
LAYOUTS-OD

ON THE FRONT: Top skater Jeff Grosso. JDB photo.
Skate Pate P.O. Box 6 Cardiff, California 92007
ISSUE NUMBER 38 AUGUST 1984



1. Once worn only by
punk rockers, close-cropped spiky
hairdos have gone mainstream: sty-
lists on both coasts offer the zany cuts
to secretaries, saleswomen and com-
puter operators who rush in to lose
their locks, some times paying up to
\$50 for the sheer pleasure.
Mr. ... of the show has ...

TRUE TALES

by Gerry Davis NON fiction

PUNK ROCK GIRLS

JULY, 1984

One night this summer I was working on an issue of this terror crap. I got most of the day done, was very tired and not exactly feeling alert. But I decided anyway to go goof around outside and get something for eating. It was by now 2:45 Friday morning. I went outside and put my urethane wheels down in a way that they touched the concrete. I got on and pushed. I rolled the few blocks it took to get down to the beach. The environment there was very cool and dark. I handled my board and walked down the beach for a bit. A minute later, I stopped, and with the tail of my board, I etched the word "punk" deep into the sand. It meant not one thing to me. I then laughed at it and continued my stroll. Moments passed. I kept walking, and to the left, four people sat huddled by a glowing campfire. I passed by them and nothing happened. Okay. A few dozen yards further, I passed three more people who were sitting drinking in the dark. One of them, a female, greeted me:

"Hi there", she said.
"Hello", was my simple reply. I didn't stop walking. I kept going on. A few dozen yards and minutes later, I stopped again to scratch things into the grains with the tail of my board. First of all, I spelled out these three simple simple words: "A different attitude" into the sand. I then etched out a giant drawing of Winford Thomas's face next to the words. It too meant absolutely nothing to me.

Suddenly, I looked down the beach, back from where I had come. I noted a flashlight flitting about down there in the distance. The beam changed around momentarily and then began to stare at me as I continued to draw in the sand. I didn't think anything of it. I figured it was the same people who were sitting back there, trying to see what I was up to. I kept scribbling and was preparing to write the words, "stop me" into the beach. It was then that I noticed the flashlight beam moving much closer to me. It was twenty feet away and pretty bright. Seconds later, it was fifteen feet away, and I couldn't tell who or what was behind it. Ten feet away, and it was blinding.

"Hi", a voice, a masculine voice, blurted out.
I said nothing, in return. I didn't know what was going on. I was quite offended, to tell you the truth, by this out to rude person who persisted to shine a very powerful flashlight beam directly into my eyes.

"Hello!", the voice repeated.
"Hi", I finally replied, sort of annoyed. The flashlight beam then veered away from my eyeballs and down onto the ground to reveal my freshly honed drawings. I was finally able, at this time, to view the person behind the bright light. To my ultimate dismay, it was a cop! Are you psycho? the cop blurted out at me after looking at my sand artwork.

"What?", I said, almost in fear.
"Do you have a nickname? Are you Psycho?"
"No", I said.
"Is your name Mark?"
"No, my name is Gerry"

"Come with me", the cop ordered.
He then picked up my street deck and told me to walk in front of him. As we made our way down the dark beach, he spoke again:

"Have you ever been arrested?"
"Nope", was my only word.
He then walked up a steep asphalt path away from the beach up to a street.

"Did something happen around here?" I asked him.
"Yes" was the one word answer he offered. (NOTE: I love one word answers. They're the best.)
We then, the both of us, walked across this street and the officer made me stand on the curb ten feet in front of his car, looking away from it.
He threw my street deck down on the ground and walked back to his auto. I figured I was really in for it. He started talking. I thought he was talking on the radio, but then he told me to turn around and walk slowly towards the car. It was obvious to me now that he was talking to someone in the back seat.

"Stop right there!", he ordered out at me.
I stopped right in my tracks and looked directly into the back of the cop car. To my astonishment, there were three punk-type females all in the back seat with stupid looking haircuts just like mine.

"Have you ever seen this guy before?", the cop asked the three girls.

"No, never!", they all replied.
Just then, he looked up at me.
"Well, I guess you're free to go. Sorry to have inconvenienced you", he said.
I couldn't believe anything that was happening. What were those girls doing there? What was I doing there? Who cares?

Immediately, I started to walk by the car to leave and the females in the back seat were waving and smiling at me and saying "Hi". So, I just waved my hand and offered them a "Hi" in return. I felt kind of funny. I sort of wanted to stay and talk with these girls and learn their names and numbers so that maybe we could become friends, but I figured mister policemen might get suspicious and/or angry if I started talking to them. So I just stepped onto my street deck and darted down the hill away from the light of the street lamp.
Maybe I'll meet them again someday. I hope so because I like the punkers. Hi. They're a pretty interesting bunch.

"A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE"



VGB

PORTFOLIO

AMALUS



AMALUS

INTERVIEW W/ ATKINS BLUE

What else should I not

Dickface, if I may? You mentioned that during one contest you got so injured during your routine that you experienced a sense of timelessness.

Tell me now, what are you looking for?

— Stacy Forelto

"HECK, I AINT SAYING
SHE'S BAD LOOKIN
MARK, I RECKON
SHE'D COOK ME SOME
GOODS IF I'D BARGE
INTO HER"

EDITORIAL

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 Just another divorce.
 Just another thought.
 Just another issue.
 (Go man.)
 Just another ego.
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 Afraid of me.
 Afraid of real.
 Afraid of me.
 Just another noise.
 A phrase that has been said countless times before.
 Afraid to get loud.
 Afraid of losing life or betting tough men.
 Just another birth.
 Just another fence.
 (And living room at night with a light safely glowing.)
 Just another dollar handed over to the cashier.
 Just another cashier at the grocery store.
 Just another stab in the back.
 Just another attractive female.
 (What does she do at 10 P.M.?)
 Just another worry.
 (Forget that, men.)
 Just more crap.
 Just another contest.
 Just more fun.
 Just another car.
 Just another exit ramp.
 Just another clever license plate frame.
 Just another bumper sticker.
 Just another video.
 (FUCK THAT!)
 Just another meal.
 Just another rest.
 Just another year.
 Just another LOOK GOOD.
 Just another family.
 (They're not really too tidy underneath the skin.)
 Just another sketch.
 Just another "tosh".
 Just more money, made and spent.
 Just another dyed head.
 Just another hair-cut.
 Just another conversation.
 Just nodding heads.
 Just waiting for the phone.
 Do not try to artistically confine me!



[Handwritten signature]

- G. S. O.

Wild Hairs

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 Since last issue, Larry Palmer actually hasn't bought some sort of vehicle, but that's only because he has recently been vacationing in Hawaii. Tune in next issue to find out about what kind of contraption he will probably buy any day now.

LOVE MEN OF THE MONTH

Danny Webster, Bruno Posters, and Marty Jim, continuously well and low.

ANARCHIST OF THE MONTH

Eric Dash, for shitting out of a car window at night at 60 miles per hour.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

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 -Corey O'Brien

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Until next month, don't ever expect anything from anyone, or else you will be hurting.



BILL RUFF

California Sales Rep
 HM 818-272-0074

(519) 483-3230
 TELEX 697 904 GAS SDG
 5111 SANTA FE STREET
 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92109

RECEIVED CARD OF THE MONTH

EDITORIAL

Just another version of "Stepping stone".
 Just another mailman making a no-bidday round.
 Just another airport.
 Just another sadly married couple.
 Just another divorce.
 Just another thought.
 Just another issue.
 Just another ego.
 Just another scam.
 Just another H for you, man.
 Just another copy.
 Just another fit-in.
 Just another afraid of me.
 Just another afraid of real.
 Just another afraid of me.
 Just another noise.
 A phrase that has been said countless times before.
 Just another afraid to get loud.
 Just another afraid of losing life or betting tough men.
 Just another birth.
 Just another fence.
 (And living room at night with a light safely glowing.)
 Just another dollar handed over to the cashier.
 Just another cash register.
 Just another cash register.
 Just another attractive female.
 (What does she do at 10 P.M.?)
 Just another worry.
 Just another forget that man.
 Just another more crap.
 Just another contest.
 Just another more fun.
 Just another car.
 Just another exit ramp.
 Just another clever license plate frame.
 Just another bumper sticker.
 Just another video.
 Just another (PUCK THAT!)
 Just another goal.
 Just another rest.
 Just another yes.
 Just another LOOK GOOD.
 Just another family.
 (They're not really too tidy underneath the skin.)
 Just another sketch.
 Just another Yoshi's.
 Just another more money, made up agent.
 Just another dyed head.
 Just another hair-cut.
 Just another conversation.
 Just another nodding heads.
 Just another waiting for the phone.
 Do not try to artistically confine me!



- C. S. D.

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Since last issue, Larry Palma actually hasn't bought some sort of vehicle, but that's only because he has recently been vacationing in Hawaii. Tune in next issue to find out about what kind of contraption he will probably buy any day now.

GORDON & SMITH

LOVE MEN OF THE MONTH
Denny Webster, Bruno Peeters,
and
Patty Jinx, continuously wel-

Who cares?
ANARCHIST OF THE MONTH
Eric Nash, for shifting out
of a car window at night at 80
miles per hour.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
"They breed the hate right
in your fuckin' bones!"

First, it was a silhouette of Jay Adams, then it was a likeness of the grim reaper holding a street deck, and eventually, it transformed itself into a somewhat dismal fallout shelter sign. So what is the new Skate Park mascot? What goes it mean? Well, obviously, blackballed is now the major theme. What better symbol than an O ball to express the ever-present situation in which the average typical skater (blackballed) and a situation he tries to get into, bars, hotel rooms, liquor stores, driveways, bowling alleys, you name it and we've been usefully fail.

Until next month, don't ever expect anything from anyone, or else you will be hurting.



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TELEX 697 984 GIS SDG
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SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA 92108

REVENUE CARD OF THE MONTH.

EDITORIAL

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 Just another mailman making a noobday round.
 Just another arrest.
 Just another sadly married couple.
 Just another divorce.
 Just another thought.
 Just another issue.
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 Just another scam.
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 Afraid of me.
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 Just another birth.
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 Just another contest.
 Just more fun.
 Just another car.
 Just another exit ramp.
 Just another clever license plate frame.
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 Just another video.
 (FUCK THAT!)
 Just another meal.
 Just another rest.
 Just another year.
 Just another LOOK GOOD.
 Just another family.
 (They're not really too tidy underneath the skin.)
 Just another sketch.
 Just another "tosh".
 Just more money, made and spent.
 Just another dyed head.
 Just another hair-cut.
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 Just nodding heads.
 Just waiting for the phone.
 Do not try to artistically confine me!



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- G. S. O.

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ANARCHIST OF THE MONTH

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 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92109

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RECEIVED CARD OF THE MONTH

it's
TRACKER



TINKLE